

THE
HYPOCRITE:

A
COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGER.

ALTERED BY BICKERSTAFF,
FROM MOLIERE AND CIBBER.

A NEW EDITION.

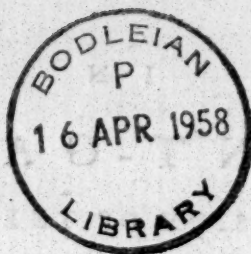
L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. FORBES, TAVISTOCK-ROW,
COVENT-GARDEN.

M DCC LXXXV.

Vet. A5 f. 1647

Rothwell 7/63



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir John Lambert,

Mr. HULL.

Doctor Cantwell,

Mr. F. AICKIN.

Old Lady Lambert,

Mrs. WEBB.

Young Lady Lambert,

Mrs. BATES.

Charlotte,

Mrs. ABINGTON.

Colonel Lambert,

Mr. LEWIS.

Darnley,

Mr. WROUGHTON.

Seyward,

Mr. FARREN.

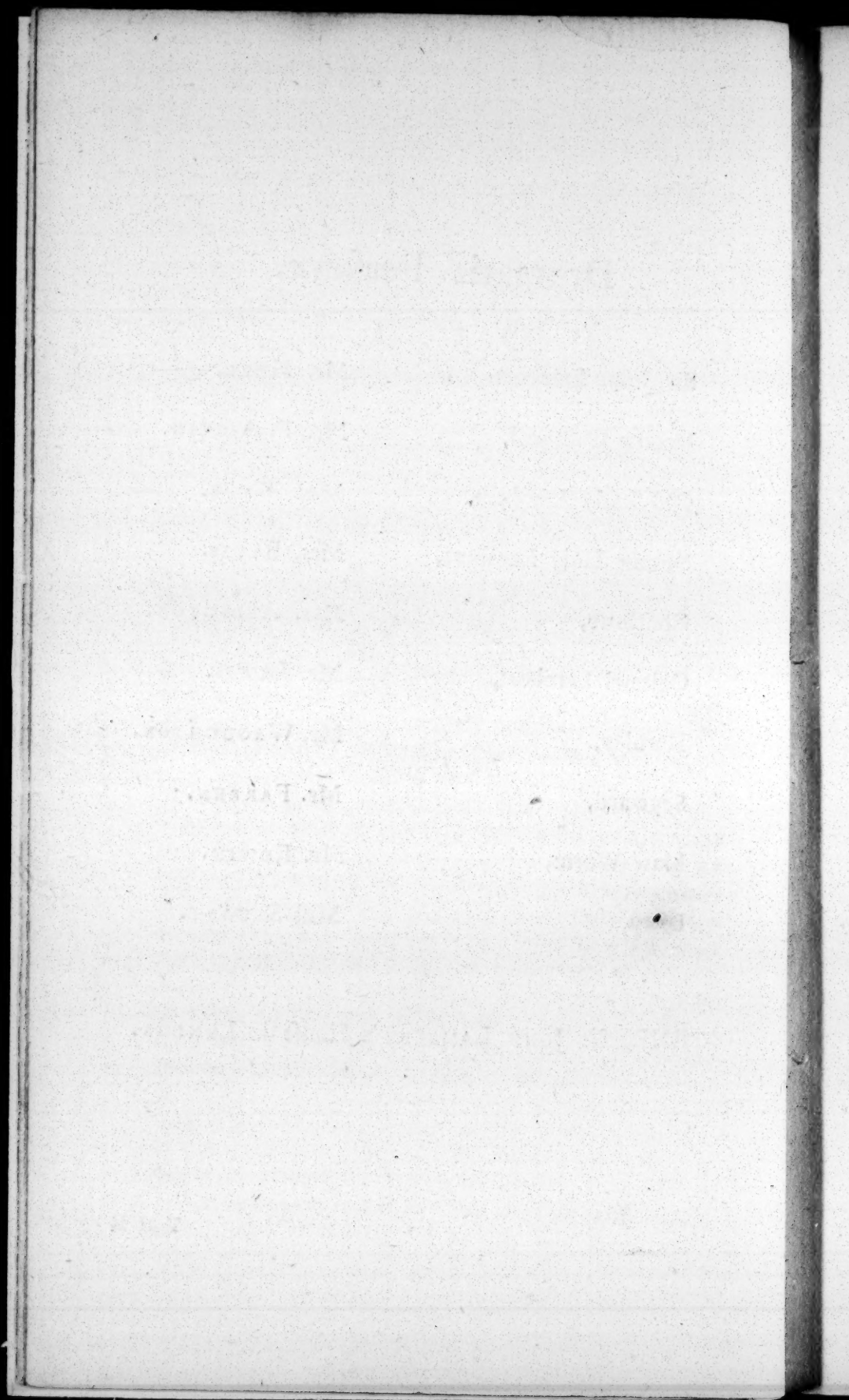
Maw-Worm,

Mr. EDWIN.

Betty,

Miss STUART.

SCENE, Sir JOHN LAMBERT'S House in LONDON.



THE
H Y P O C R I T E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Sir John Lambert's house. Sir John Lambert enters, followed by Colonel Lambert.

Colonel Lambert.

PRAY, confider, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. So I do, Sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. Lamb. I do not dispute your authority, Sir; but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concern'd for your honour. Have not you countenanc'd his addresses to my sister? Has not she received them?— Mr. Darnley's birth and fortune are well known to you; and, I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Lamb. Why then, Sir, since I am to be catechiz'd, I must tell you, I do not like his character: he is a world-server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. Lamb. Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but, if you will please to enquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! you go to church! you go to church!—Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep: a fine act of devotion indeed.

Col. Lamb. Well, but dear Sir——

Sir J. Lamb. Colonel, you are an atheist.

Col. Lamb. Pardon me, Sir, I am none: it is a character I abhor; and, next to that, I abhor the character of an enthusiast.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, you do so; an enthusiast!—this is the fashionable phrase, the bye-word, the nick-name, that our pleasure-loving generation give to those few who have a sense of true sanctity.

Col. Lamb. Say canting, Sir——

Sir J. Lamb. I tell you what, son, as I have told you more than once, you will draw some heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Col. Lamb. So says the charitable Doctor Cantwell: you have taken him into your house, and, in return, he gives over half your family to the devil.

Sir J. Lamb. Do not abuse the Doctor, Colonel; it is not the way to my favour. I know you cannot bear him, because he is not one of your mincing preachers.—He holds up the candle to your enormities, shews you to yourselves in your genuine colours.

Col. Lamb. I always respect piety and virtue, Sir; but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be such as make much noise about their valour; so, I apprehend, the truly good seldom or ever deal much in grimace.—To be candid, Sir, I make a distinction between hypocrisy and devotion, and can never pay the same regard to the mask, that I would to the face.

Sir J. Lamb. Very well, Sir; this is very well.

Col. Lamb. Besides, Sir, I should be glad to know, by what authority the Doctor pretends to exercise the clerical function. It does not appear clearly to me that he ever was in orders.

Sir

Sir J. Lamb. That is no business of yours, Sir.—But I am better informed.—However, he has the call of zeal.

Col. Lamb. Zeal!

Sir J. Lamb. Why, Colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. Lamb. I own, I cannot see with temper, Sir, so many religious mountebanks impose on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and shew an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raise their fortunes with greater security in this.

Sir J. Lamb. Colonel, let me hear no more: I see you are too hardened to be converted now; but since you think it your duty, as a son, to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a father, to be concerned for yours. If you think fit to mend them so; if not, take the consequence.

Col. Lamb. Well, Sir, may I ask you without offence, if the reasons you have given me are your only reasons, for discountenancing Mr. Darnley's addresses to my sister?

Sir J. Lamb. Are they not flagrant? Would you have me marry my daughter to a pagan?

Col. Lamb. He intends this morning paying his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present, as a mediator of articles between you.

Sir J. Lamb. I am glad to hear it.

Col. Lamb. That's kind, indeed, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. May be not, Sir; for I will not be at home when he comes; and because I will not tell a lie for the matter, I will go out this moment.

Col. Lamb. Nay, dear Sir——

Sir J. Lamb. And, do you hear—because I will not deceive him, either tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister—In short, I have another man in my head for her.

S C E N E II.

Colonel Lambert, and then Charlotte.

Col. Lamb. Another man! It would be worth one's while to know him: pray heaven this canting Hypocrite has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope from my father, is a castle in the air—My sister may be ruined too—Here she comes: if there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret. Sister, good morrow; I want to speak with you.

Charl. Pr'ythee then, dear brother, don't put on that wise politic face, as if your regiment was going to be disbanded, or sent to the West Indies, and you obliged to follow it.

Col. Lamb. Come, come, a truce with your raillery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Charl. Well then, provided it is not upon the subject of love, I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. Lamb. Why, it is and it is not upon that subject.

Charl. Oh, I love a riddle dearly—Come—let's hear it.

Col. Lamb. Nay, psha! if you will be serious, say so.

Charl. O lard, Sir; I beg your pardon—there—there's my whole form and features, totally disengag'd, and lifeless, at your service; now, put them in what posture of attention you think fit.

[Leaning against him awkwardly.]

Col. Lamb. Was there ever such a giddy devil!—pr'ythee stand up. I have been talking with my father, and he declares positively, you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Are you serious?

Col.

Col. *Lamb.* He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Charl. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. *Lamb.* How! glad!

Charl. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? No, Sir; if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed; now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too: Oh! I like it mightily.

Col. *Lamb.* I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Darnley—but a father's content might have clap't a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Charl. Burn fortune; am not I a fine woman? and have not I ten thousand pounds in my own hands?

Col. *Lamb.* Yes, sister; but with all your charms, you have had them in your hands almost these four years.

Charl. Psha! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? but if I humour my father, I warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd lout: a comfortable equivalent, truly!—No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wife for a wager.

Col. *Lamb.* Well said; nothing goes to your heart, I find.

Charl. No, no; if I must have an ill match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own game at least.

Col. *Lamb.* But pray, sister, has my father ever propos'd any other man to you?

Charl. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. *Lamb.* Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Charl.

Charl. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear brother?

Col. Lamb. Why, you don't so much as seem surpris'd.

Charl. No; but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. Lamb. Why, how now, sister?

Charl. Why, sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. Lamb. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Charl. To a lover, I grant you; but I make no more of you than a sister: I can say any thing to you.

Col. Lamb. I should have been better pleas'd, if you had not own'd it to me—its a hateful character.

Charl. Ay, its no matter for that, it's violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of.

Col. Lamb. Darnley's like to have a hopeful time with you.

Charl. Well; but don't you really know who it is my father intends me?

Col. Lamb. Not I, really; but I imagin'd you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Charl. Nay, he has not open'd his lips to me yet—are you sure he's gone out?

Col. Lamb. You are very impatient to know, methinks; what have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Darnley?

Charl. O lud! O lud! Pr'ythee, brother, don't be so wise; if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeased to hear there were two people about it? Besides, to be a little serious: Darnley has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure.

Col.

A C O M E D Y.

11

Col. *Lamb.* Oh, your servant, Madam! now you talk reason. I am glad you are concern'd enough for Darnley's faults, to think them worth your mending—ha! ha!

Charl. Concern'd! why, did I say that—look you, I'll deny it all to him—well, if I ever am serious with him again—

Col. *Lamb.* Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Charl. Psha!

S C E N E III.

Colonel Lambert, Charlotte, Darnley.—Charlotte, *takes a book, and reads.*

Darn. My dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. *Lamb.* I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have press'd your affair—I touch'd upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself oblig'd to your friendship, let my success be what it will—Madam—your most obedient—what have you got there, pray?

Charlotte, reading.

“ Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;

“ Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those—

Darn. Pray, Madam, what is it?

Charl. “ Favours to none, to all the smiles extends—

Darn. Nay, I will see.

Charl. “ Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Col. *Lamb.* Have a care: she has dip't into her own character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Darn.

Darn. I beg your pardon, Madam.

Charl. "Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,

"And like the sun they shine on all alike—um—um—"

Darn. That is something like, indeed.

Col. Lamb. You would say so, if you knew all.

Darn. All what! pray what do you mean?

Col. Lamb. Have a little patience: I'll tell you immediately.

Charl. "If to her share some female errors fall,

"Look on her face—and you'll forget them all. Is not that natural, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. For a woman to expect, it is indeed.

Charl. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time, a proof of the poor man's passion, and her power?

Darn. So that, you think, the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress, is to give up his reason to her.

Charl. Certainly; for what have your sex to boast of but your understanding, and till that's entirely surrender'd to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain, to think her conquest completed?

Darn. There we differ, Madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Charl. Oh, d'ye hear him brother! the creature reasons with me; nay, has the effrontry to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make an horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Darn. Well; my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Charl. Am I not an horrid, vain, silly creature, Mr. Darnley?

Darn.

Darn. A little bordering upon the babby, I must own.

Charl. Laud! how can you love one so then? but I don't think you love me tho'—do you?

Darn. Yes, faith, I do; and so shamefully, that I'm in hopes you doubt it.

Charl. Poor man! he'd fain bring me to reason.

Darn. I would, indeed.—Nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, I should think you the most amiable——

Charl. O lud! he's civil——

Darn. Come, come, you have good sense; use me but with that, and make me what you please.

Charl. Laud! I don't desire to make any thing of you, not I.

Darn. Don't look so cold upon me; by heav'n I can't bear it.

Charl. Well, now you are tolerable.

Darn. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never marry another.

Charl. Ah, Laud! now you have spoil'd all again: besides, how can I be sure of that, before I have seen this other man my brother spoke to me of?

Darn. What riddle's this?

Col. Lamb. I told you, you did not know all: to be serious; my father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you.—In short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says, he would not have you fool away your time after my sister; and, in plain terms told me, he had another man in his head for her.

Darn. Another man! who? what is he? did not he name him?

Col. Lamb. No; nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister.

Darn. This is unaccountable!—what can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Lamb. Some whim our conscientious Doctor has put it in his head, I'll lay my life.

Darn. He! he can't be such a villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. Lamb. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what reason, what interest can he have to oppose me?

Col. Lamb. Are you really now as unconcerned as you seem to be?

Charl. You are a strange dunce, brother—you know no more of love, than I do of a regiment—you shall see now how I'll comfort him—poor Darnley, ha, ha, ha!

Darn. I don't wonder at your good humour, Madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Charl. O lud! how sententious he is! well, his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give one is unsupportable—Betty, is the tea ready?

Betty. Yes, Madam.

Charl. Mr. Darnley, your servant.

SCENE IV.

Colonel Lambert, Darnley.

Col. Lamb. So; you have made a fine spot of work, on't indeed!

Darn. Dear Tom, pardon me, if I speak a little freely; I own, the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. Lamb. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Darn. Nay, nay; had she any real concern for me, the apprehension of a man's addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarm'd her to some degree of seriousness.

Col.

Col. *Lamb.* Not at all; for let this man be who he will, I take her levity as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Darn. And pray, Sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. *Lamb.* No, no; she's giddy, but not capable of so study'd a falsehood.

Darn. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

Col. *Lamb.* You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear such trifling?

Col. *Lamb.* You should have laugh'd at her.

Darn. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. *Lamb.* No—if you cou'd, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Darn. Do you then really think she has any thing in her heart for me?

Col. *Lamb.* Ay, marry, Sir—ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now—lord! how you cou'd love her!

Darn. And so I cou'd, by heaven.

Col. *Lamb.* Well, well; I'll undertake for her; if my father don't stand in the way, we are well enough.

Darn. What says my lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col. *Lamb.* I dare swear she is not. She's of so soft, so sweet a disposition—

Darn. Pr'ythee, how came so fine a woman to marry your father, with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. *Lamb.* Want of fortune, Frank: she was poor and beautiful—he rich and amorous—she made him happy, and he her——

Darn. A Lady—

Col. *Lamb.* And a jointure—now she's the only one in the family, that has power with our pre-

cise Doctor ; and, I dare engage, she'll use it with him to persuade my father from any thing that is against your interest. By the way, you must know I have some shrewd suspicion, that this sanctified rogue is in love with her.

Darn. In love !

Col. Lamb. You shall judge by the symptoms—but hush !—here he comes with my grandmother—step this way, and I'll tell you.

S C E N E V.

Doctor Cantwell and Old Lady Lambert, followed by Seyward.

Doctor Cant. Charles, step up into my study ; bring down a dozen more of those manuells of devotion, with the last hymns I composed ; and, when he calls, give them to Mr. Maw-worm ; and, do you hear, if any one enquires for me, say I am gone to Newgate, and the Marshalsea, to distribute alms.

Old Lady Lamb. Well ; but, worthy Doctor, why will you go to the prisons yourself—cannot you send the money—ugly distempers are often caught there—have a care of your health ; let us keep one good man, at least, amongst us.

Doctor Cant. Alas, Madam ! I am not a good man ; I am a guilty wicked sinner, full of iniquity ; the greatest villain that ever breathed ; every instant of my life is clouded with stains ; it is one continued series of crimes and defilements ; you do not know what I am capable of ; you indeed take me for a good man ; but the truth is, I am a worthless creature.

Old Lady Lamb. Have you then stumbled ? alas ! if it be so, who shall walk upright ? What
horrid

horrid crime have you been hurried into, that calls for this severe self-recrimination?

Doctor Cant. None, Madam, that perhaps humanity may call very enormous; yet am I sure, that my thoughts never stray a moment from celestial contemplations; do they not sometimes, before I am aware, turn to things of this earth? am I not often hasty, and surpris'd into wrath? nay, the instance is recent; for, last night, being snarled at, and bit by Minxy, your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am conscious I struck the little beast with a degree of passion, for which I have never been able to forgive myself since.

Old Lady Lamb. Oh! worthy, humble soul! this is a slight offence, which your suffering and mortifications may well atone for.

Doctor Cant. No, Madam, no; I want to suffer; I ought to be mortified; and I am obliged now to tell you, that, for my soul's sake, I must quit your good son's family; I am pamper'd too much here, live too much at my ease.

Old Lady Lamb. Good Doctor!

Doctor Cant. Alas, Madam! It is not you that should shed tears; it is I ought to weep; you are a pure woman.

Old Lady Lamb. I pure! who, I? no, no; sinful, sinful—but do not talk of quitting our family; what will become of us—for friendship—for charity—

Doctor Cant. Enough; say no more Madam; I submit: while I can do good, it is my duty.

SCENE VI.

*Colonel Lambert, Darnley, Old Lady Lambert,
Doctor Cantwell.*

Col. Lamb. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Grandson, how do you ?

Darn. Good day to you, Doctor.

Doctor *Cant*. Mr. Darnley, I am your most humble servant ; I hope you and the good Colonel will stay, and join in the private duties of the family.

Old Lady *Lamb*. No, Doctor, no ; it is too early ; the sun has not risen upon them ; but, I doubt not, the day will come.

Doctor *Cant*. I warrant they would go to a play now.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Would they !—I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, Madam ; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at a play.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Me, Sir ! see me at a play ! you may have seen the prince of darkness, or some of his imps, in my likeness, perhaps—

Darn. Well but, Madam—

Old Lady *Lamb*. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would commit a murder ?

Doctor *Cant*. No, Sir, no ; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil ; the seeds of wickedness indeed sprout up every where too fast ; but a play-house is the devil's hot-bed—

Col. *Lamb*. And yet, Doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren—as in case of a benefit—

Doctor *Cant*. The charity covereth the sin ; and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to the comfort of the righteous.

Col. *Lamb*. Ha, ha, ha !

Doctor *Cant*. Reprobate ! reprobate !

Col. *Lamb*. What is that you mutter, firrah ?

Old Lady *Lamb*. Oh heavens !

Darn. Let him go, Colonel.

Col. *Lamb*. A canting Hypocrite !

Doctor

A C O M E D Y.

19

Doctor Cant. Very well, Sir; your father shall know my treatment.

Old Lady Lamb. Let me run out of the house; I shall have it fall upon my head, if I stay among such wicked wretches. O grandson! grandson!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Colonel Lambert, Darnley.

Darn. Was there ever so insolent a rascal?

Col. Lamb. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Darn. But what the devil is he? whence comes he? what is his original? how has he so ingratiated himself with your father, as to get footing in the house?

Col. Lamb. Oh, Sir, he is here in quality of chaplain; he was first introduced by the good old lady that's just gone out. You know, she has been a long time a frequenter of our modern conventicles, where, it seems, she got acquainted with this sanctified pastor. His disciples believe him a saint, and my poor father, who has been for some time tainted with their pernicious principles, has been led into the same snare.

Darn. Hah! here's your sister again.

S C E N E VIII.

Colonel Lambert, Darnley, Charlotte, Doctor Cantwell.

Charl. You'll find, Sir, I will not be us'd thus;
nor

nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. Lamb. What's the matter !

Charl. Nothing ; pray be quiet.—I don't want you—stand out of the way—how durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice ?

Darn. Confusion !

Col. Lamb. Hold—if my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Doctor Cant. Compose yourself, Madam ; I come by your father's desire, who being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Doctor Cant. So, for what I have done, Madam, I had his authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Charl. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority to insult me ; or, if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you ? What is it you presume upon, your function ? does that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman ?

Doctor Cant. Shall I have an answer to your father, lady ?

Charl. I'll send him none by you.

Doctor Cant. I shall inform him so.

SCENE IX.

Colonel Lambert, Darnley, Charlotte.

Charl. A faucy puppy !

Col. Lamb. Pray, sister, what has the fellow done to you ?

Charl. Nothing.

Darn.

Darn. I beg you would tell us, Madam.

Charl. Nay, no great matter— but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing-room—a—a fastening my garter, with my face just towards the door; and this impudent cur, without the least notice, comes bounce in upon me—and my devilish hoop happening to hitch in the chair, I was an hour before I could get down my petticoats.

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. Lamb. Yet, egad! I can't help laughing at the accident; what a ridiculous figure must she make! ha! ha!

Charl. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Charl. What does he say, brother?

Col. Lamb. Why, he wants to have me speak to you; and I would have him do it himself.

Charl. Ay, come do, Darnley; I am in a good humour now.

Darn. Oh, Charlotte! my heart is bursting—

Charl. Well, well; out with it.

Darn. Your father, now I see, is bent on parting us—nay, what's worse perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—imagine what I want from you—

Charl. Well—O lud! one looks so silly tho,' when one is serious—O gad—in short, I cannot get it out.

Col. Lamb. I warrant you; try again.

Charl. O lud—well—if one must be teiz'd, then—why, he must hope, I think.

Darn. Is't possible!—thus—

Col. Lamb. Buz—not a syllable; she has done very well. I bar all heroics; if you press it too far, I'll hold fix to four she's off again in a moment.

Darn. I'm silenc'd.

Charl. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my father has found out for me.

Darn.

Darn. I'd give something to know him.

Charl. He's in a terrible fufs at your being here, I find.

Col. Lamb. 'Sdeath! here he comes.

Charl. Now we are all in a fine pickle.

S C E N E X.

Sir John Lambert enters hastily, and, looking sternly at Darnley, takes Charlotte under his arm, and carries her off; the Colonel and Darnley remain.

Col. Lamb. So—well said Doctor; 'tis he, I am sure, has blown this fire; what horrid hands is our poor family fallen into! and how the rogue seems to triumph in his power! how little is my father like himself!—By nature open, just, and generous; but this vile Hypocrite drives his weak passions like the wind; and, I foresee at last, something fatal will be the consequence.

Darn. Not, if by speedily detecting him, you take care to prevent it.

Col. Lamb. Why, I have a thought that might expose him to my father, and, in some unguarded hour, we may yet, perhaps, surprize this lurking thief without his holy vizor.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Changes to an Anti-Chamber in Sir John Lambert's House.—Seyward, with a Writing in his Hand.

Seyward.

'TIS so—I have long suspected where his zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune. But then, to found it on the ruin of his patron's children!—I shudder at the villainy! What desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited! Besides, his daughter, fair Charlotte, too, is wrong'd; wrong'd in the tenderest point: for so extravagant is this settlement, that it leaves her not a shilling, unless she marries with the Doctor's consent, which is intended, by what I have heard, as an expedient to oblige her to marry the Doctor himself. Now, 'twere but an honest part to let Charlotte know the snare that's laid for her. This deed's not sign'd, and may be yet prevented. It shall be so.—Yes, charming creature!—I adore you!—And though I am sensible my passion is without hope, I may indulge it thus far, at least; I may have the merit of serving you, and perhaps the pleasure to know you think yourself obliged by me.

S C E N E II.

Sir John, Lady Lambert, Charlotte, and Seyward, who goes in and out.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Seyw.

Seyw. Sir, I'll wait on him.

[*Exit.*

Charl. A pretty well-bred fellow that.

Sir J. Lamb. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding.

Charl. He's always clean, too.

Sir J. Lamb. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph—well-bred and clean, forsooth. Wou'd not one think now she was describing a coxcomb? When do you hear my wife talk at this rate; and yet she is as young as your fantastical Ladyship.

Lady Lamb. Charlotte is of a chearful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continual round of playing the fool, to no purpose; and therefore I am resolv'd to make you think seriously, and marry.

Charl. That I shall do before I marry, Sir, you may depend upon it.

Sir J. Lamb. Um—That I am not so sure of; but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well; for the person I intend you, is, of all the world, the only man who can make you truly happy.

Charl. And of all the world, Sir, that's the only man I'll positively marry.

Lady Lamb. You have rare courage, Charlotte; if I had such a game to play, I should be frighted out of my wits.

Charl. Lord! Madam, he'll make nothing of it, depend upon it.

Sir J. Lamb. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say—first, in his public character, is religious, zealous, and charitable.

Charl. Very well, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. In his private character, sober.

Charl. I should hate a sot.

Sir

Sir *J. Lamb*. Chaste.

Charl. A hem!

[*Stifling a laugh.*]

Sir *J. Lamb*. What is it you sneer at, Madam? You want one of your fine gentlemen rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with.

Charl. No, no, Sir; I am very well satisfied.—
I—I should not care for such a sort of a man, no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir *J. Lamb*. No, you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years—he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanities will have no charms for him.

Charl. But all this while, Sir, I don't find that he has charms for our sex's vanity. How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he good hair, good teeth, fine eyes? Doth he keep a chaise, coach, and vis-a-vis? Does he wear gold stuffs, velvet, and subscribe to Almack's?

Sir *J. Lamb*. Was there ever so profligate a creature! What will this age come to?

Lady *Lamb*. Nay, Charlotte, here I must be against you. Now you are blind indeed. A woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his own person.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Right.

Lady *Lamb*. It is not how he looks, but how he loves, is the point.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Good again.

Lady *Lamb*. And a wife is much more secure that has charms for her husband, that when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Admirable! go on, my dear.

Lady *Lamb*. Do you think a woman of five and twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of five and twenty?

Sir *J. Lamb*. Mark that!

D

Charl.

Charl. Ay, but when two five and twenties come together,—dear pappa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicksome.

Sir J. Lamb. Frolicksome! Why you sensual idiot, what have frolicks to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you.---Go, you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school.---Frolicksome! as if marriage was only a licence for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, Madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face.---Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Charl. Lord, Sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my Lady is not in the right; but then, you know, pappa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope you see every thing I do, is as consistent with mine; and be assured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my Lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. Lamb. Why, you wicked wretch! Could any thing persuade you to that?

Charl. Lord, Sir; I won't answer for what I might do if the whim was in my head; besides, you know I always lov'd a little flirtation.

Sir J. Lamb. O horrible! flirtation! My poor sister has ruin'd her; leaving a fortune in her own hands, has turn'd her brain. In short, Charlotte, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolv'd upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist that you never see young Darnley more; for, in one word, the good and pious Doctor Cantwell's the man that I have decreed your husband.

Charl. Ho! ho! ho!

Sir J. Lamb. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth---no more---give me a serious answer.

Charl.

Charl. I ask your pardon, Sir: I should not have finil'd indeed, cou'd I have suppos'd it possible that you were serious.

Sir J. Lamb. You'll find me so.

Charl. I'm sorry for it; but I have an objection to the Doctor, Sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir J. Lamb. Name it.

Charl. Why, Sir, we know nothing of his fortune.

Sir J. Lamb. That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Charl. How! Sir!

Sir J. Lamb. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter Seyward.

Seyw. Sir, if you are at leisure, the Doctor desires to speak with you, upon business of importance.

Sir J. Lamb. Where is he?

Seyw. In his own chamber, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. I will come to him immediately. --- Daughter, I am call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, Doctor Cantwell is your husband, or I'm no more your father.

S C E N E III.

Lady Lambert, Charlotte, and afterwards Col. Lambert.

Charl. O Madam! I am at my wit's end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father; but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady Lamb. Here's your brother.

Col. *Lamb.* Madam, your most obedient.—
Well, sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty
fellow my father has pick'd up for you?

Charl. Even our agreeable Doctor.

Col. *Lamb.* You are not serious?

Lady *Lamb.* He's the very man, I can assure
you, Sir.

Col. *Lamb.* Confusion! What would the cor-
morant devour the whole family? Your Ladyship
knows, he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady *Lamb.* Fy, fy, Colonel.

Col. *Lamb.* I ask your pardon, Madam, if I
speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have
seen, your Ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady *Lamb.* I am sorry any body else has seen
it, but I must own, his behaviour to me of late,
both in private and before company, has been some-
thing warmer than I thought became him.

Col. *Lamb.* How are these opposites to be re-
concil'd? Can the rascal have the assurance to
think both points are to be carried?

Charl. Truly, one would not suspect the gentle-
man to be so termagant.

Col. *Lamb.* Especially while he pretends to be
so shock'd at all indecent amours. In the country
he us'd to make the maids lock up the turkey cocks
every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant
the hens on a Sunday.

Lady *Lamb.* Oh! ridiculous!

Col. *Lamb.* Upon my life, Madam, my sister
told me so.

Charl. I tell you so, you impudent——

Lady *Lamb.* Fy, Charlotte; he only jests with
you.

Charl. How can you be such a monster to stay
playing the fool here, when you have more reason
to be frighted out of your wits? You don't know
perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune
upon this fellow too.

Col. *Lamb.* What do you mean?

Lady

Lady Lamb. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. Lamb. Nay, then, it is time indeed his eyes were open'd; and give me leave to say, Madam, 'tis only in your power.

Lady Lamb. What is't you propose?

Col. Lamb. Why, if this fellow, which I'm sure of, is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady Lamb. I should be loath to do a wrong thing—

Charl. Dear Madam, it is the only way in the world to expose him to my father.

Lady Lamb. I'll think of it.

Col. Lamb. Pray do, Madam; but in the mean time I must leave you—poor Darnley stays for me at the Smyrna, and will sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Charl. Well, well, get you gone then; here is my grand-mother, and after the affront you offer'd this morning to the Doctor, she will not be able to bear the sight of you.

S C E N E IV.

*Old Lady Lambert, Young Lady Lambert,
Charlotte.*

Lady Lamb. This is kind, Madam; I hope your Ladyship's come to dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham Court, I just call'd to see whether any dreadful accident happen'd to the family since I was here last.

Lady Lamb. Accident! did your Ladyship say?

Old Lady Lamb. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surpris'd, when I hear it; for there are goings

on under this roof, that will bring temporal punishments along with them.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, Madam, you astonish me !

Old Lady Lamb. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to address myself to you, Miss Charlotte: I see you have a bit of lace there upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Charl. Wear it for, Madam !

Old Lady Lamb. In short, I have been at my linen-draper's to day, and have brought you some thick muslin, which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of—for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady Lamb. Indecent, did your Ladyship say ?

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, daughter-in-law. Doctor Cantwell complains to me that he cannot sit at table, the sight of her bare neck disturbs him so;—and he's a good man, and knows what indecency is.

Charl. Yes, indeed; I believe he does, better than any one in this house.—But you may tell the Doctor from me, Madam, that he is an impudent coxcomb, a puppy, and deserves to have his bones broke.

Old Lady Lamb. Fy ! Charlotte; fy ! He speaks but for your good, and this is the grateful return you make.

Charl. Grateful return, Madam !—The Doctor is one of those who start at a feather.—Poor good man; yet he has his vices of the graver sort—

Old Lady Lamb. Come, come; I wish you would follow his precepts, whose practice is conformable to what he teaches.—Virtuous man !—Above all sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones.—How has he wean'd me from temporal connections ! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary; and, I thank heaven, I am so insensible to every thing in this limbo of vanity, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grand-children, all expire

expire before me ; and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Charl. Upon my word, Madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at, and your family is much oblig'd to the Doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady Lamb. Well, child, I have nothing more to say to you at present ; heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady Lamb. But pray, Madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No, daughter ; I have said it, and you know I never tell a lye ; but here's my son, if you'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady Lamb. Your Ladyship's time's your own.

Charl. This fellow puts me beyond my patience.

S C E N E V.

Sir John Lambert, Old Lady Lambert, Doctor Cantwell.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Madam, Madam ! I'm glad you're here, to join me in solicitations to the Doctor.—Here is my mother, friend, my mother ; a pious woman ; you will hear her, more worthy to advise you than I am.

Doctor Cant. Alas ! the dear good Lady, I will kiss her hand ! but what advice can she give me ? The riches of the world, Sir, have no charms for me ; I am not dazzl'd with their false glare ; and was I, I repeat it, to accept of the trust you want to repose in me, heaven knows, it would only be lest the means should fall into wicked hands, who
wou'd

wou'd not lay it out as I should do, for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Old Lady *Lamb*. What is the matter, son?

Doctor *Cant*. Nothing, Madam; nothing.—But you were witness how the worthy Colonel treated me this morning—Not that I speak it on my own account,—for to be revil'd is my portion.

Sir *J. Lamb*. O the villain! the villain!

Doctor *Cant*. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Ah! your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his.—His wicked sister too, has been here this moment, abusing this good man.

Doctor *Cant*. O Sir, 'tis plain, 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me—your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour; and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fall'n as they are, they are still your children, and I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy wretches.

Old Lady *Lamb*. See, if the good man does not wipe his eyes!

Doctor *Cant*. Oh heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick—but I'll remove this eyefore—here, Charles.

Sir *J. Lamb*. For goodness sake—

Doctor *Cant*. Bring me that writing I gave you to lay up this morning.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Make haste, good Charles; it shall be sign'd this moment.

Doctor *Cant*. Not for the world, Sir John—every minute tends to corroborate my last intentions—I must not, will not take it, with the curses of your children.

Sir *J. Lamb*. But, consider Doctor—shall my wicked son then be heir to my lands, before repentance has intitled him to favour—No, let him depend upon you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps, in time, he may reflect on his father's justice, and be

be reconciled to your rewarded virtues.—If heav'n should at last reclaim him, in you, I know, he still would find a fond forgiving father.

Doctor Cant. The imagination of so blest'd an hour softens me to a tenderness I can't support!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh! the dear good man!

Sir J. Lamb. With regard to my daughter, Doctor, you know she is not wrong'd by it; because, if she proves not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, but the perverse wretch flights the blessing you propose for her.

Doctor Cant. We must allow, Madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distaste: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprize her—maids must be gently dealt with—and, might I humbly advise——

Sir J. Lamb. Any thing you will—you shall govern me and her.

Doctor Cant. Then, Sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest a while.

Sir J. Lamb. Suppose we were to get my wife to speak to her; women will often hear from their own sex, what, sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Doctor Cant. Then, with your permission, Sir, I will take an opportunity of talking to my Lady.

Sir J. Lamb. She's now in her dressing-room; I'll go and prepare her for it.

Doctor Cant. You are too good to me, Sir—too bountiful.

S C E N E VI.

Old Lady Lambert, Doctor Cantwell, and Seyward introducing Maw-worm.

Seyw. Sir, Mr. Maw-worm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak to you.

Old

Old Lady *Lamb*. Oh! pray, Doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Maw-worm this great while; he's a pious man, tho' in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in——How do you do, Mr. Maw-worm?

Maw. Thank your Ladyship's axing—I'm but deadly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, Doctor——and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thanks you for the eighteen pence.

Doctor *Cant*. Hush, friend Maw-worm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blaz'd about: a poor widow, Madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Give her this.

[*Offers a purse to Maw-worm.*]

Doctor *Cant*. I'll take care it shall be given to her.

[*Puts it up.*]

Old Lady *Lamb*. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Maw-worm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me——I'm a breaking my heart——I thinks its a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Why, if you think it a sin, indeed——pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already, I does them extrumperry, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says, as how my head's turn'd.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Ay, devils, indeed——but don't you mind them.

Maw.

Maw. No, I don't——I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men; and, sometimes, I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady Lamb. Did you ever preach in public?

Maw. I got up, on Kennington Common, the last review day; but the boys threw brick-bats at me, and pinn'd crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount ever since.

Old Lady Lamb. Do you hear this, Doctor! throw brick-bats at him, and pin crackers to his tail; can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so——says I, I does nothing clandestently; I stand here contagious to his Majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels, not to mislist me.

Old Lady Lamb. And it had no effect.

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many postesses; but if he advises me to go a preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excressance farther into the country.

Old Lady Lamb. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady Lamb. He wants method, Doctor.

Doctor Cant. Yes, Madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a faint——'till I went after him, I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tann'd with sin, like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the soal of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights: I us'd to go, every Sunday evening, to the Three-hats at Islington; it's a public-house; may-hap your Ladyship may know it: I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old

Old Lady *Lamb*. What a blessed reformation!

Maw. I believe, Doctor, you never know'd as how I was intigated one of the stewards of the reforming fociety. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter-platter in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's Fields: I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady *Lamb*. But, how do you mind your business?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady *Lamb*. And how do you live?

Maw. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly-minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of every thing; and my wife goes as well-dress'd as a gentlewoman—we have had a child too.

Old Lady *Lamb*. Merciful!

Maw. And between *you* and *me*, Doctor, I believe Sufy's breeding again.

Doctor *Cant*. Thus it is, Madam; I am constantly told, tho' I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows, wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife; saying, as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but, as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time, as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Doctor *Cant*. I believe 'tis near dinner time; and Sir John will require my attendance.

Maw.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, Doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your Ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; Doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Maw-worm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, Madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your Ladyship; I will, indeed: [*Going, returns*] Oh, Doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you.

Doctor Cant. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady Lamb. No, Doctor, my coach waits at the door; I only called about the business you know off; and partly, indeed, to see how you did, after the usage you had met with; but I have struck the wretch out of my will for it.

Doctor Cant. Charles, you may lay those papers bye again, but in some place where you'll easily find them; for I believe we shall have occasion for them some time this afternoon.

Seyw. I'll take care, Sir.

S C E N E VII.

Seyward, Betty, and then Charlotte.

Seyw. Occasion for them this afternoon!—Then there's no time to be lost; the coast is clear, and this is her chamber.—What's the matter with me? The thought of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within, I believe—I'll knock again.—Is your Lady busy?

Betty. I believe she's only reading, Sir.

E

Seyw.

Seyw. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Charl. Who's that?

Betty. She's here.—Mr. Seyward, Madam, desires to speak with you.

Charl. Oh, your servant, Mr. Seyward.—Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he tires me. How could the blind wretch make such an horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours.—You have read him, I suppose, in the Greek, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. Not lately, Madam.

Charl. But do you so violently admire him now?

Seyw. The critics say he has his beauties, Madam; but Ovid has been always my favourite.

Charl. Ovid—Oh, he is ravishing!

Seyw. So art thou, to madness!

Charl. Lord! how could one do to learn Greek? Were you a great while about it?

Seyw. It has been half the business of my life, Madam.

Charl. That's cruel now; then you think one couldn't be mistress of it in a month or two.

Seyw. Not easily, Madam.

Charl. They tell me, it has the softest tone for love of any language in the world—I fancy I could soon learn it. I know two words of it already.

Seyw. Pray, Madam, what are they?

Charl. Stay—let me see—Oh—ay—Zoe kai psuche.

Seyw. I hope you know the English of them, Madam.

Charl. Oh lud! I hope there is no harm in it;—I'm sure I heard the Doctor say it to my Lady—pray, what is it?

Seyw. You must first imagine, Madam, a tender lover gazing on his mistress; and then, indeed, they
have

have a softness in them; as thus—Zoe kai pfuche!
—my life! my soul!

Charl. Oh, the impudent young rogue! how his eyes spoke too!—What the deuce can he want with me?

Seyw. I have startled her!—the muses!

Charl. Well, but your business with me, Mr. Seyward?—You have something of love in your head, I'll lay my life on't.

Seyw. I never yet durst own it, Madam.

Charl. Why; what's the matter.

Seyw. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as your's.

Charl. Oh, I love melancholy stories of all things: pray, how long have you lived with your uncle, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. With Doctor Cantwell, I suppose you mean, Madam.

Charl. Ay.

Seyw. He's no uncle of mine, Madam.

Charl. You surprise me! not your uncle?

Seyw. No, Madam; but that's not the only character the Doctor assumes, to which he has no right.

Charl. Lord! I am concern'd for you.

Seyw. So you would, Madam, if you knew all.

Charl. I am already; but if there are any further particulars of your story, pray let me hear them; and should any services be in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Seyw. My father, Madam, was the younger branch of a genteel family in the North; his name Trueman—but dying, while I was yet in my infancy, I was left wholly dependent on my mother; a woman really pious and well meaning, but—In short, Madam, Doctor Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and as he is now your father's bosom counsellor, soon became her's; for his hypocrisy had so great an effect on her weak spirit, that he entirely led and managed her at his pleasure. She died, Madam, when I was but eight

years old; and then I was, indeed, left an orphan.

Charl. Poor creature!—Lord! I cannot bear it!

Seyw. She left Doctor Cantwell her sole heir and executor: but I must do her the justice to say, I believe it was in the confirmation that he would take care of, and do justice to me; who, young as I was, I yet remember to have heard her recommend to him, on her death-bed: and, indeed, he has so far taken care of me, that he sent me to a seminary abroad; and for these three years last past has kept me with him.

Charl. Oh! heavens! but why have you not strove to do yourself justice?

Seyw. Thrown so young into his power, as I was—unknown and friendless, but through his means, to whom could I apply for succour? Nay, Madam, I will confess, that on my return to England, I was at first tainted with his enthusiastic notions myself; and, for some time, as much imposed upon by him, as others; till, by degrees, as he found it necessary to make use of, or totally discard me (which last he did not think prudent to do), he was obliged to unveil himself to me in his proper colours—And I believe, I can inform you of some parts of his private character, that may be the means of detecting one of the wickedest impostors that ever practis'd upon credulity.

Charl. But how has the wretch dared to treat you?

Seyw. In his ill and insolent humours, Madam, he has sometimes the presumption to tell me, that I am the object of his charity; and I own, Madam, that I am humbled in my opinion, by his having drawn me into a connivance at some actions, which I can't look back on without horror!

Charl. Indeed, you can't tell how I pity you; and depend upon it, if it be possible to serve you, by getting you out of the clutches of this monster, I will.

Seyw.

Seyw. Once more, Madam, let me assure you, that your generous inclination would be a consolation to me in the worst misfortunes; and, even in the last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Charl. Lord! the poor unfortunate boy loves me, too—what shall I do with him?—Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper's that you have got in your hand?

Seyw. Another instance of the conscience, and gratitude, which animates our worthy Doctor.

Charl. You frighten me! pray what is the purport of it? It is neither sign'd nor seal'd—

Seyw. No, Madam; therefore, to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you; your father gave it the Doctor first, to shew his counsel; who, having approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Charl. But what is it?

Seyw. It grants to Doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate.—For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with the Doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's jointure—But your brother, Madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Charl. I am confounded!—What will become of us? My father now, I find, was serious—Oh, this insinuating Hypocrite!—Let me see—ay—I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Seyw. Any thing to serve you—

Charl. Hark! they ring to dinner: pray, Sir, step in; say I am obliged to dine abroad; and whisper one of the footmen to get a chair immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple; there I shall have time to talk further with you.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

E 3

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Dressing-room, with glass, table, and chairs—
Charlotte, with Betty, taking off her cloak, &c.*

Charlotte.

HAS any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Betty. Only Mr. Darnley, Madam; he said, he would call again, and bid his servant stay below, to give him notice when you came home.

Charl. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, Madam; he seem'd very uneasy at your being abroad.

Charl. Well, go and lay up those things; ten to one but his wife head has found out something to be jealous of: if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy—here he comes.

S C E N E II.

Charlotte, Darnley.

Darn. Your humble servant, Madam.

Charl. Your servant, Sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear?

Charl. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Darn. You seem to turn upon my words, Madam! Is there any thing particular in them?

Charl. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Darn. Might not I say you had been abroad, without giving offence?

Charl. And might I not as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Darn. Do you know any thing that should make me grave?

Charl. I know if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you can possibly shew it to.

Darn.

Darn. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing you won't justify.

Charl. Oh, then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Darn. I don't say that, neither; perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolv'd henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Charl. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill; come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Charl. Now we come to the point.—To-morrow morning, then, I give you my word, to let you know it all; till when, there is a necessity for it's being a secret; and I insist upon you believing it.

Darn. But pray, Madam, what am I to do with private imagination in the mean time? that is not in my power to confine; and sure you won't be offended, if, to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the secret now.

Charl. Don't press me; for positively I won't.

Darn. Can't had been a kinder term—Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Charl. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you. If you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you dare not take my word for a day; and, if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial a favour.

Darn. If you intend it such—it is a favour; if not, 'tis something—so—come, let's wave the subject.

Charl.

Charl. With all my heart. Have you seen my brother lately?

Darn. Yes, Madam; and he tells me, it seems the Doctor is the man your father has resolv'd upon.

Charl. 'Tis so; nay, and what will more surprise you, he leaves me only to the choice of him, or of no fortune.

Darn. And may I, without offence, beg leave to know what resolution you have taken upon't.

Charl. I have not taken any; I do not know what to do; what would you advise me to?

Darn. I advise you to? nay, you are in the right to make it a question.

Charl. He says he'll settle all his estate upon him, too.

Darn. O take it: take it, to be sure; it's the fittest match in the world; you can't do a wiser thing certainly.

Charl. 'Twill be as wise, at least, as the method you take to prevent it.

Darn. Is't possible? how can you torture me with this indifference?

Charl. Why do you insult me with such a barefac'd jealousy?

Darn. Is it a crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? has not your father openly declar'd against me, in favour of another? how is it possible, at such a time, not to have a thousand fears? what? tho' they are all false and groundless, are they not still the effect of love, alarmed, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an heart that cannot bear disguises; but when 'tis griev'd, in spite of me, will shew it—pray pardon me—but when I am told you went out in the utmost hurry with some writings to a lawyer, and took the Doctor's nephew with you; ev'n in the very hour your father had propos'd him as an husband; what am I to think? can I? must I suppose my senses fail me? if I have eyes, have ears,

ears, and have an heart, must it be still a crime to think I see and hear?

Charl. Well, I own, it looks ill-natur'd now, not to shew him some concern—but then, this jealousy—I must, and will get the better of.

Darn. Speak, Charlotte; is still my jealousy a crime?

Charl. If you still insist on't, as a proof of love, then I must tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind that only slighted hearts are pleas'd with. The fact you charge me with, is true; I have been abroad; but let appearances be ever so strong, while there is a possibility, that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a look that tells me to my face, you dare suspect me. If you have doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose I am to stand confounded, like a criminal before you? Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, Madam, mine you won't find so low as you imagine; and, since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power; you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me, to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my manly reason were your slave; and this despicable frame that follows you, durst shew no signs of life but what you vouchsafe to give it.

Charl. You are in the right:—go on—suspect me still—believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself. —Why do you trouble me with your complaints? if you are master of that manly reason you have boasted, give a manly proof of it; at once resume your liberty; despise me; go off in triumph now; and let me see you scorn the woman, whose overbearing falsehood would insult your senses.

Darn. Is this the end of all, then? and, are those tender protestations you have made me (for
such

such I thought them), when, with a kind reluctance, you gave me something more than hope?—what all?—Oh, Charlotte! all come to this!

Charl. Oh, lud! I am growing silly; if I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle, and I shall conquer it.—So, you are not gone, I see.

Darn. Do you then wish me gone, Madam?

Charl. Your manly reason will direct you.

Darn. This is too much—my heart can bear no more!—What, am I rooted here?

S C E N E III.

Darnley, Charlotte, Seyward.

Charl. At last, I am relieved.—Well, Mr. Seyward, is it done?

Seyw. I did not stir from the desk till it was entirely finished.

Charl. Where's the original?

Seyw. This is it, Madam.

Charl. Very well; that you know you must keep; but come, we must lose no time; we will examine this in the next room—now I feel for him.

Darn. This is not to be borne—Pray, Mr. Charles, what private business have you with that Lady?

Seyw. Sir!

Darn. I must know, young man.

Seyw. Not quite so young, but I can keep a secret, and a Lady's too—you'll excuse me, Sir!

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Darnley, *Colonel Lambert.*

Darn. 'Sdeath! I shall be laugh'd at by every body—I shall run distracted—this young fellow should repent his pertness, did not this house protect him—this is Charlotte's contrivance to distract me—but—but what? Oh! I have love enough to bear this, and ten times as much.

Col. Lamb. How now, Frank! what, in raptures!

Darn. Pr'ythee—I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. Lamb. What? is Charlotte in her airs again?

Darn. I know not what she is.

Col. Lamb. Do you know where she is?

Darn. Retir'd this moment to her chamber with the young fellow there—the Doctor's nephew.

Col. Lamb. Why, you are not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

Darn. Perhaps she'll be less reserv'd to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Lamb. Poor Frank! every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for you, you are sure to ruin by your own conduct.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much real passion, for a modish lover.

Col. Lamb. Come, come! make yourself easy once more; I'll undertake for you: if you'll fetch a cool turn in the Park, upon Constitution Hill, in less than half an hour I'll come to you.

Darn. Dear Tom! you are a friend, indeed!—I have a thousand things—but you shall find me there.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Colonel Lambert, Charlotte, and Seyward, who goes out.

Col. Lamb. How now, sister? what have you done to Darnley? the poor fellow looks as if he had kill'd your parrot.

Charl. Psha! you know him well enough; I've only been setting him a love lesson; it a little puzzles him to get thro' it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow—you will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Seyward.

Seyw. Madam, you may depend upon me; I have my full instructions.

Col. Lamb. O ho! here's the business then; and it seems Darnley was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha! and pr'ythee, what is the mighty secret that is transacting between Seyward and you?

Charl. That's what he would have known, indeed; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. Lamb. Pray take your own time, dear Madam; I am not in haste to know, I assure you.

Charl. Well, but hold; on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Seyward and me; nay, I give you leave to tell Darnley too, on some conditions; 'tis true, I did design to have surpris'd you—but now—my mind's alter'd, that's enough.

Col. Lamb. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction—but here comes my Lady.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Charlotte, Colonel Lambert, Lady Lambert.

Lady Lamb. Away, away, Colonel and Charlotte, both of you, away this instant.

Charl. What's the matter, Madam?

Lady Lamb. I am going to put the Doctor to his trial, that's all. I have considered the proposal you have made me to day, Colonel, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delayed an instant: so just now, as your father was compos'd in the arm chair to his afternoon's nap, I told the Doctor in a half-whisper, that I should be glad to have a word in private with him here; and he said he would wait upon me presently. You must know, Charlotte, Sir John has been pressing me to speak to you in his favour, and has desir'd me to hear what the Doctor had to say upon that subject; but must I play a traitorous part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, persuade the Doctor against you?

Charl. Dear Madam, why not? one moment's truce with the prude I beg of you; don't startle at his first declaration, but let him go on, till he shews the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady Lamb. I warrant you, I'll give a good account of him—but, as I live, here he comes!

Charl. Come, then, brother, you and I will be comode, and steal off.

S C E N E VII.

Lady Lambert, Doctor Cantwell.

[*The Colonel listening.*]

Doctor Cant. Here I am, Madam, at your Ladyship's command; how happy am I that you think me worthy—

Lady Lamb. Please to sit, Sir.

Doctor Cant. Well, but, dear Lady, ha! You can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desir'd interview. Ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you; and how stands your precious health? is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce clos'd my eyes these two nights with my concern for you; and every watchful interval has sent a thousand sighs and prayers to heaven for your recovery.

Lady Lamb. Your charity is too far concern'd for me.

Doctor Cant. Ah! Don't say so; don't say so: You merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady Lamb. Indeed you over-rate me.

Doctor Cant. I speak it from my heart; indeed, indeed, indeed, I do.

Lady Lamb. O dear! You hurt my hand, Sir.

Doctor Cant. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression: precious soul! I would not harm you for the world; no, it would be the whole business of my life—

Lady Lamb. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Doctor Cant. Ah, thou heavenly woman!

Lady Lamb. Your hand need not be there, Sir.

Doctor Cant. I was admiring the softness of this silk.

Lady Lamb. Ay, but I'm ticklish.

Doctor

Doctor Cant. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures : how wonderful is human art ! Here it disputes the prize with nature : that all this soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm.

Lady Lamb. Put our business, Sir, is upon another subject : Sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Doctor Cant. Such a thing has been mention'd, Madam ; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after ; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses.

Lady Lamb. Well, Sir, pray be sincere, and open your heart to me.

Doctor Cant. Open my heart ! can you then, sweet Lady, be yet a stranger to it ? Has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts ? I hope you imagine not that it was from ill-will, or on any account but yours, that I urg'd Sir John to restrain your assemblies and visits : no, blessed creature ! It proceeded from a zealous transport : I could not bear to see the gay, the young, and the impertinent, daily crouding round you, without a certain grudge ; I might say, envy——

Lady Lamb. Well, Sir ; I take all this as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Doctor Cant. Indeed I meant you cordial service.

Lady Lamb. I dare say you did : you are above the low momentary views of this world.

Doctor Cant. Why, I should be so ; and yet, alas ! I find this mortal cloathing of my soul is made like other mens, of sensual flesh and blood, and has it's frailties.

Lady Lamb. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Doctor Cant. Alas! Madam, my heart is not of stone: I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid; but yet, I am not an angel; I am still but man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you then, Madam.

Lady Lamb. Hold, Sir! you've said enough to put you in my power. Suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design him?

Doctor Cant. You cannot be so cruel.

Lady Lamb. Nor will, on this condition: that instantly you renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with Sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

S C E N E VIII.

Lady Lambert, Doctor Cantwell, Colonel Lambert.

Col. Lamb. Villain! Monster! Perfidious and ungrateful traitor! Your hypocrisy, your false zeal is discovered; and I am sent here by the hand of insulted heaven, to lay you open to my father, and expose you to the world.

Doctor Cant. Ha!

Lady Lamb. O unthinking Colonel!

Col. Lamb. Well, Sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Doctor Cant. I have nothing to say to you, Colonel, nor for you—but you shall have my prayers.

Col. Lamb. Why, you profligate Hypocrite! do you think to carry off your villainy with that sanctified air?

Doctor Cant. I know not what you mean, Sir; I have been in discourse here with my good Lady, by permission of your worthy father.

Col.

Col. Lamb. Dog! did my father desire you to talk of love to my Lady?

Doctor Cant. Call me not dog, Colonel: I hope we are both brother Christians.—Yes, I will own I did beg leave to talk to her of love; for alas! I am but a man; yet if my passion for your dear sister, which I cannot controul, be sinful——

Lady Lamb. Your noise, I perceive, is bringing up Sir John; manage with him as you will at present: I will withdraw, for I have an after-game to play, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power.

S C E N E IX.

Sir John Lambert, Colonel Lambert, Doctor Cantwell.

Sir J. Lamb. What uproar is this?

Col. Lamb. Nothing, Sir; nothing; only a little broil of the good Doctor's here—You are well rewarded for your kindnesses; and he would fain pay it back with triple interest to your wife: in short, Sir, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my Lady.

Doctor Cant. Why, why, Sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence—O be not angry, good Colonel; but, indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. Lamb. Horrible, wicked creature!——Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Doctor Cant. Alas, Sir! I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself somewhere hereabouts; and while I was talking to my Lady, rushed in upon us—you know the subject, Sir, on which I was to entertain her; and I might speak of my

love for your daughter with more warmth than, perhaps, I ought; which the Colonel over-hearing, he might possibly imagine I was addressing my Lady herself; for I will not suspect, no; the Lord forbid: I will not suspect that he would intentionally forge a falsehood to dishonour me.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Now, vile detractor of all virtue! is your outrageous malice confounded—what he tells you is true; he has been talking to my Lady by my consent; and what he said, he said by my orders—good man, be not concerned; for I see thro' their vile design—Here, thou curse of my life, if thou art not lost to conscience, and all sense of honour, repair the injury you have attempted, by confessing your rancour, and throwing yourself at his feet.

Doctor *Cant*. Oh, Sir John! for my sake—I will throw myself at the Colonel's feet; nay, if that will please him, he shall tread on my neck.

Sir *J. Lamb*. What, mute, defenceless, harden'd in thy malice?

Col. *Lamb*. I scorn the imputation, Sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow (however cunningly he may have devised this gloss) that you are deceiv'd—what I tell you, Sir, is true—these eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my sister's name; directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Villain! this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever; wife, children, servants, are all leagu'd against this pious man, and think to weary me by groundless clamours, to discard him; but all shall not do. Your malice on your own wicked heads; to me, it but the more endears him.

Col. *Lamb*. Doctor, you have triumph'd.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Wretch! leave my house.

Doctor *Cant*. Hold, good Sir John: I am now recovered from my surprise; let me then be an humble mediator—on my account this must not be—I grant it possible, your son loves me not, but
you

you must grant it too as possible, he might mistake me ; to accuse me then was but the error of his virtue ; you ought to love him, thank him for such watchful care.

Sir J. Lamb. O miracle of charity !

Doctor Cant. Come, come ; such breaches must not be betwixt so good a son and father ; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bleis the hour I was the occasion of so sweet a reconciliation.

Sir J. Lamb. Hear this, perverse and reprobate ! Oh ! could'st thou wrong such more than mortal virtue ?

Col. Lamb. Wrong him ? the harden'd impudence of this painted charity——

Sir J. Lamb. Peace, graceless infidel !

Col. Lamb. No, Sir ; though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch ; could die to reconcile my duty to your favour ; yet, on the terms his villainy offers, it is merit to refuse it—I glory in the disgrace your errors give me—but, Sir, I'll trouble you no more ; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine.

S C E N E X.

Sir John Lambert, Doctor Cantwell.

Sir J. Lamb. Come, my friend ; we'll go this instant, and sign the settlement.

Doctor Cant. Sir, I now attend you, and take it without scruple : yes, you shall ; since it is your good pleasure, make this settlement in my favour.

Sir J. Lamb. I will, Doctor ; I will ; for that wretch ought to be punish'd, who, I now see, is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

Doctor Cant. And do you think I take your estate with such views ?—No, Sir,—I receive it that
I may

I may have an opportunity to rouse his mind to virtue, by shewing him an instance of the forgiveness of injuries; the return of good for evil!—

Sir *J. Lamb*. O, my dear friend! my stay, and my guide! I am impatient till the affair is concluded.

Doctor *Cant*. The will of heav'n be done in all things.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Poor dear man! [*Turning to where the Colonel went off.*] Oh, reprobate! profligate! harden'd wretch! to use in this manner a person of his sanctity!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Parlour in Sir John Lambert's House.——
Charlotte and Seyward.

Charlotte.

YOU were a witness, then?

Seyw. I saw it sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, Madam.

Charl. And all pass'd without the least suspicion?

Seyw. Sir John sign'd with such earnestness, and the Doctor received it with such a seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Charl. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligations to you. You saw with what a friendly warmth my brother heard your story; and I don't in the least doubt his being able to do something for you.

Seyw. What I have done, my duty bound me to; but pray, Madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Charl. Freely.

Seyw. Have you never suspected, that in all this affair, I have had some secret stronger motive than barely duty?

Charl. Yes.—But have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive?

Seyw. Pray, pardon me; I see already I have gone too far.

Charl. Not at all; it loses you no merit with me; nor is it in my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I lov'd that one again: then, indeed, there might be danger. Come, don't look grave; my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit: I shall,
ing

therefore, always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Seyw. Dear Madam, mad as I am, I never hop'd for more.

Charl. Then I'll give you a great deal more; and to shew you my particular good opinion of you, I'll do you a favour, Mr. Seyward, I never did any man since I was born. I'll be sincere with you.

Seyw. Is it then possible you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were sincere?

Charl. Alas! you are but a novice in the passion. Sincerity is a dangerous virtue, and often forfeits what it ought to nourish. Therefore I take more pains to make the man I love believe I slight him, than (if possible) I would to convince you of my esteem and friendship.—Nay, I'll do more still; I'll shew you all the good nature you can desire; you shall make what love to me you please: but then I'll tell you the consequence; I shall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

Seyw. I scarce consider that; but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Charl. Why, look you there now; do you consider, that a woman had as lief be thought agreeable, as handsome; and how can you suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleas'd with being told so?

Seyw. Was ever temper so enchanting!—Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Charl. Ay; but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Seyw. I see my folly, Madam, and blush at my presumption. Madam, I humbly take my leave.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Charlotte.

Lord! how one may live and learn!—I could not have believ'd that modesty in a young fellow could have been so amiable. And though I own there is, I know not what, of dear delight in indulging one's vanity with them; yet, upon serious reflection, we must confess, that truth and sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. I believe I had as good confess all this to Darnley, and e'en make up the bustle with him, too; but then he will so teize one for instances of real inclination.—O gad!—I can't bear the thought on't; and yet we must come together too. Well, Nature knows the way, and so I'll ev'n trust to her for it.

S C E N E III.

Lady Lambert, Charlotte.

Lady Lamb. Dear Charlotte, what will become of us!—The tyranny of this subtle Hypocrite is insupportable. He has so fortified himself in Sir John's opinion, by this last misconduct of your brother, that I begin to lose my usual power with him.

Charl. Pray explain, Madam.

Lady Lamb. In spite of all I could urge, he has consented that the Doctor shall this minute come, and be his own advocate with you.

Charl. I'm glad on't; for the beast must come, like a bear, to the stake. I'm sure he knows I shall bait him.

Lady Lamb. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked design upon me.—Therefore I come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Charl.

Charl. I'm obliged to your Ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady Lamb. But I think I hear the Doctor coming up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct.

Charl. He must have a great deal of impudence, to come in this manner to me.

S C E N E IV.

Charlotte, Doctor Cantwell, Betty introducing the Doctor.

Betty. Doctor Cantwell desires to be admitted, Madam.

Charl. Let him come in.—Your servant, Sir. Give us chairs, Betty, and leave the room.—Sir, there's a seat.—What can the ugly cur say to me!—he seems a little puzzled. (*Humming a tune.*)

Doctor Cant. Look ye, young lady, I am afraid, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Charl. Your modesty is pleas'd to be in the right.

Doctor Cant. I'm afraid, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a bad opinion of me.

Charl. A worie, Sir, of no mortal breathing!

Doctor Cant. Which opinion is immoveable.

Charl. No rock so firm!

Doctor Cant. I am afraid, then, it will be a vain pursuit, when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire, and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate, in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Charl.

Charl. I would die, rather than consent to it !

Doctor Cant. In other words, you hate me.

Charl. Most transcendantly !

Doctor Cant. Well ! there is sincerity at least in your confession : you are not, I see, totally depriv'd of all virtue ; though, I must say, I never could perceive in you but very little.

Charl. Oh, fy ! you flatter me !

Doctor Cant. No ; I speak it with sorrow ! because you are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now ; are we to preserve temper ?

Charl. Oh ! never fear me, Sir ; I shall not fly out, being convinced, that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion, as good breeding ; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Doctor Cant. Well, then, young lady, be assured, so far am I from the unchristian disposition of returning injuries, that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you ; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done, according to my conscience, with the interest of heaven in view.

Charl. Why, I can't see, Sir, how heaven can be any way concern'd in a transaction between you and me.

Doctor Cant. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Charl. So I hear, indeed ! but pray, Doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes ?

Doctor Cant. I fought it not ; but he would crowd it in among other obligations. He is good-natur'd ; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Charl. I don't understand you.

Doctor Cant. I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right ?

G

Charl.

Charl. Once in your life, perhaps you may.

Doctor Cant. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Charl. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would.

Doctor Cant. Then I will not consent.

Charl. You won't?

Doctor Cant. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Charl. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.—

Doctor Cant. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune, which goes to my Lady, in case of our disagreement.

Charl. That's enough, Sir.—You think we should have a fellow-feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Doctor Cant. What do you think of half?

Charl. How! two thousand pounds!

Doctor Cant. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Charl. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Doctor Cant. Leave that to my management.

Charl. And what security do you expect for the money?

Doctor Cant. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank bills.

Charl. On one proviso though.

Doctor Cant. Name it.

Charl.

Charl. That you immediately tell my father, that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Doctor Cant. Hum!—stay,—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them; but force me not to take advantage of Sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of your malice.

Charl. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear Doctor!

Doctor Cant. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Charl. No doubt on't.

Doctor Cant. Farewell, and think me your friend.

S C E N E V.

Charlotte, and then Colonel Lambert.

Charl. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but by his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit.

Col. Lamb. Charlotte!

Charl. You may come in. Well, I hope you bring me a good account of the Doctor.—What success?

Col. Lamb. All I could wish!—Seyward has given so strong and so fair a detail of his frauds and villanies of every kind, that my Lord Chief Justice made not the least hesitation to grant his

warrant; and I have a tipstaff at the next door, when I give the word, to take him.

Charl. Why should you not do it immediately?

Col. Lamb. Have a little patience; I have a farther design in my head.—But pray, sister, what secret's this, that you have yet behind, in those writings that Seyward brought you?

Charl. Oh! that's what I can't tell you.—But, by the way, what have you done with Darnley? why is not he here?

Col. Lamb. He has been here; but you must excuse him.—I told him how anxious you were about Seyward's affair, and he has taken him with him, in his own coach, to the Attorney General's.

Charl. Well, I own he has gain'd upon me by this.

Col. Lamb. I am glad to hear that at last. But I must go and let my Lady know what progress we have made in the Doctor's business; because I have something particular to say to her.

S C E N E VI.

Charlotte, Darnley, introduced by a Servant.

Servant. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Desire him to walk in.

Darn. To find you thus alone, Madam, is an happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Charl. I should have been as well pleas'd now, to have been thank'd, as reproach'd, for my good-nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Darn. Indeed, you take me wrong. I literally mean't that I was afraid you wou'd not so soon think I had deserv'd this favour.

Charl. Well, then, one of us has been in the wrong, at least.

Darn.

Darn. 'Twas I, I own it ;—more is not in my power : all the amends possible I have made you : my very joy of seeing you has waited, till what you had at heart, unask'd, was perfected for a rival, whom you had so justly compassionate.

Charl. Pooh ! but why would you say unask'd now ? don't you consider your doing it so, is half the merit of the action ?—Lord ! you have no art : you should have left me to have taken notice of that. Only imagine, now, how kind and handsome an acknowledgment you have rob'd me of.

Darn. And yet how artfully you have paid it. With what a wanton charming ease you play upon my tendernefs !

Charl. Well, but were not you silly now ?

Darn. Come,—you shall not be serious ;—you can't be more agreeable.

Charl. Oh ! but I am serious.

Darn. Then I'll be so.—Do you forgive me all ?

Charl. What ?

Darn. Are we friends, Charlotte ?

Charl. O Lord ! but you have told me nothing of poor Seyward.

Darn. Must you needs know that, before you answer me ?

Charl. Lord ! you are never well till you have talk'd one out of countenance.

Darn. Come, I won't be too particular ; you shall answer nothing.—Give me but your hand only.

Charl. Psha ! I won't pull off my glove ; not I.

Darn. I'll take it as it is then.

Charl. Lord ! there, there ; eat it, eat it.

Darn. And so I could, by heaven !

Charl. Oh, my glove ! my glove ! my glove ! you are in a perfect storm ! Lord ! if you make such a rout with one's hand only ; what would you do if you had one's heart ?

Darn. That's impossible to tell.—But you were asking me of Seyward, Madam.

Charl. Oh, ay! that's true. Well, now you are very good again.—Come, tell me all the affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Darn. Oh! that I could thus play with inclination!

Charl. Psha! but you don't tell me now.

Darn. There is not much to tell;—only this: We met the Attorney General, to whom he has given a very sensible account of himself, and the Doctor's proceedings.—But, still more fortunate! there happen'd to be a gentleman present, who came from the same part of the country with Seyward, and is well acquainted with his family; and even remembers the circumstance of his mother's death; who promises to be speedy and diligent in his enquiries.—We have been at the Commons to search for her will, but none has been enter'd.—But, as it can be prov'd she died possessed of eight or ten thousand pounds, the Attorney General seems very clear in his opinion, that, as the Doctor, at the time of the death of Seyward's mother, was intrusted with her whole affairs, the court of Equity will oblige him to be accountable.

Charl. If Seyward does not recover his fortune, you must absolutely get him a commission, and bring him into acquaintance.

Darn. Upon my word, I will.

Charl. And shew him to all the women of taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow, too.

Darn. I will, indeed!—but hear me—

Charl. You can't conceive, how prettily he makes love.

Darn. Not so well as you make your defence, Charlotte.

Charl. Lord! I had forgot, he is to teach me Greek, too.

Darn. Trifling tyrant! how long, Charlotte, do you think you can find out new evasions for what I say unto you?

Charl.

Charl. Lord! you are horrid silly; but, since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce,—poor Darnley! I forgive you.

S C E N E VII.

Darnley, Charlotte, and the Colonel, for some time unseen.

Darn. That's kind, however.—But, to complete my joy, be kinder yet,—and—

Charl. Oh! I can't! I can't!--Lord! did you never ride an horse-match?

Darn. Was ever so wild a question?

Charl. Because, if you have, it runs in my head, you gallop'd a mile beyond the winning post, to make sure on't.

Darn. Now, I understand you. But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, Charlotte, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's last necessary question.

Charl. Oh! there's a thousand points to be adjusted, before that's answer'd.

Col. Lamb. Name them this moment then; for, positively, this is the last time of asking.

Charl. Psha! who sent for you?

Col. Lamb. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Charl. Lord! mind your own business; can't you?

Col. Lamb. So I will; for I will make you do more of your's in two minutes, than you wou'd have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now! do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever?

Charl. This is mighty pretty!

Col. Lamb. You'll say so on Thursday se'nnight, (for let affairs take what turn they will in the family)

ly) that's positively your wedding-day—Nay, you shan't stir.

Charl. Was ever such assurance!

Darn. Upon my life, Madam, I'm out of countenance! I don't know how to behave myself.

Charl. No, no; let him go on, only,—this is beyond what ever was known, sure!

Col. Lamb. Ha! ha! if I was to leave you to yourselves, what a couple of pretty out of countenanced figures you wou'd make! humming and hawing, upon the vulgar points of jointure and pin-money.—Come, come, I know what's proper on both sides: you shall leave it to me.

Darn. I had rather Charlotte wou'd name her own terms to me.

Col. Lamb. Have you a mind to any thing particular, Madam?

Charl. Why, sure! what do you think I'm only to be fill'd out as you please, and sweeten'd and sip'd up like a dish of tea?

Col. Lamb. Why, pray, Madam, when your tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it?—but you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow; and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Charl. And so you suppose, that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. Lamb. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Charl. That then would complete it?

Col. Lamb. Perfectly.

Charl. Why, then, take it Darnley.—Now, I presume, you are in high triumph, Sir.

Col. Lamb. No, sister; now you are consistent with that good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Charl. And now I beg we may separate; for our being seen together, at this critical juncture, may give that devil, the Doctor, suspicion of a confederacy

federacy, and make him set some engine at work, that we are not aware of.

Col. *Lamb*. It's a very proper caution. Come along, Darnley: nay, you must leave her now, whatever violence you do yourself.

Charl. Ay, ay, take him with you, brother—or say, Darnley; if you please, you may come along with me.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Parlour in Sir John Lambert's House.—Darnley, Charlotte.

Charlotte.

BUT really, will you stand to the agreement though, that I have made with the Doctor?

Darn. Why not? you shall not break your word upon my account, tho' he might be a villain you gave it to.

Charl. Well, I take it as a compliment; not but I have some hopes of getting over it, and justly too: but don't let me tell you now, I love to surprise—tho' you shall know all, if you desire it.

Darn. No, Charlotte; I don't want the secret: I am satisfied in your inclination to trust me.

Charl. Well, then, I'll keep the secret, only to shew you that you may, upon occasion, trust me with one.

Darn. But, pray, has the Doctor yet given you any proof of his having declin'd his interest to your father?

Charl. Yes; he told me just now, he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in two days to complete it; but desires, in the meantime, you will be ready and punctual with the premium.

Darn. Suppose I should talk with Sir John myself? 'tis true he has slighted me of late.

Charl. No matter—Here he comes—This may open another scene of action to that I believe my brother's preparing for.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Sir John Lambert, Lady Lambert, Darnley,
Charlotte.*

Sir J. Lamb. Mr. Darnley, I am glad I have met you here.

Darn. I have endeavour'd twice to-day, Sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir J. Lamb. Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the welfare of a child is concerned, you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony—However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I should be glad to talk with you.

Darn. I take it as a favour, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. You must allow, Mr. Darnley, that conscience is the rule which every honest man ought to walk by.

Darn. 'Tis granted, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. Then give me leave to tell you, Sir, that giving you my daughter, would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, while I thought you an ill-liver; and consequently the same tie obliges me to bestow her on a better man——

Darn. Well, but, Sir; to come to the point.—Suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest?

Sir J. Lamb. But why do you suppose, Sir, he will give up his interest?

Darn. I only judge from what your daughter tells me, Sir.

Sir J. Lamb. My daughter?

Darn. I appeal to her.

Charl. And I appeal even to yourself, Sir——Has not the Doctor, just now, in the garden, spoke in favour of Mr. Darnley to you? Nay, pray, Sir, be plain; because more depends on that, than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir

Sir *J. Lamb*. What senseless insinuation have you got into your head now?

Charl. Be so kind, Sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Well, I own he has declin'd his interest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I must tell you, Madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good-natur'd, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Charl. But now, Sir, (only for argument's sake) suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good-nature, nor conscience: or in short, that he has, like a villain, barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. Darnley, for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at.

Sir *J. Lamb*. It is impious to suppose it.

Charl. Then, Sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir *J. Lamb*. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Charl. That's too hard, Sir. But, the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley, without either his consent or yours.

Sir *J. Lamb*. What do you brave me, Madam?

Charl. No, Sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Darn. Dear Charlotte, how your spirit charms me!

Sir *J. Lamb*. I am confounded. These tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is. Give me leave to ask you one question. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a falsehood?

Sir

Sir J. Lamb. Never.

Lady Lamb. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him even of crimes which virtue blushes but to mention?

Sir J. Lamb. To what extravagance would you drive me?

Lady Lamb. I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin; but knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it.——But suppose I should be able to let you see his villainy, make him repeat his odious love to me in your own hearing; at once throw off the mask, and shew the barefac'd traitor.

Sir J. Lamb. Is it possible?

Lady Lamb. But then, Sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. Lamb. All; to any thing, to ease me of my doubts: make me but witness of this fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness.

Lady Lamb. Observe, then, they that set toils for beasts of prey——

Sir J. Lamb. Place me where you please.

Lady Lamb. Behind that screen you may easily conceal yourself.

Sir J. Lamb. Be it so.

Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave? and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the Doctor to me directly.

Charl. I have a thought will do it, Madam.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, Sir, and fear nothing.

S C E N E III.

Lady Lambert, Sir John Lambert.

Lady Lamb. Now, Sir, you are to consider what a desperate disease I have undertaken to cure: therefore, be sure keep close and still; and, when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. Fear not; I will conform myself—Yet be not angry, my love, if in a case like this, where I should not believe even him accusing you; be not angry, I say, if I have also charity enough to hope you may yet be deceived in what you charge him with, till the evidence of my own senses assure me of the contrary.

Lady Lamb. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Lamb. Hark! I think I hear him coming.

Lady Lamb. Now, my dear, remember your promise to have patience.

Sir J. Lamb. Rely upon't.

Lady Lamb. To your post then.

Sir J. Lamb. If this be truth, what will the world come to!

S C E N E IV.

Lady Lambert, Doctor Cantwell, with a book.

Doctor Cant. Madam, your woman tells me, that being here, and alone, you desir'd to speak with me.

Lady Lamb. I did, Sir—but, that we may be sure that we are alone, pray shut the outward door, and see that the passage be clear too—another surprise might ruin us—is all safe?

Doctor Cant. I have taken care, Madam.

Lady

Lady Lamb. But I am afraid I interrupt your meditations?

Doctor Cant. No, Madam, no; I was only looking over some pious exhortations here, for the use of a society of chosen brethren.

Lady Lamb. Ah, Doctor! what have you done to me? the trouble of my mind, since our last unfortunate conference, is not to be express'd. You, indeed, discovered to me, what perhaps, for my own peace, 'twere better I had never been acquainted with; but I had not sufficient time to lay my heart open to you.

Doctor Cant. Whither, Madam, would you lead me?

Lady Lamb. I have been uneasy too, not knowing how far you might mistake my behaviour on the last accident that happen'd; but I was really so shock'd, so terrified, I knew not what I was doing: only had I join'd in your defence against the Colonel, it would have been evident that I was his enemy, and I have uses for his friendship. Silence, therefore, was my only prudent part; and I knew your credit with Sir John needed no support.

Doctor Cant. Let me presume then to hope, that what I did, you judge was self-defence, and pure necessity.

Lady Lamb. And, perhaps, after all, the accident was lucky; for Sir John, in order to obviate any ill constructions that may be put upon it, insists now that we should be more together, to let the world see his confidence in us both. This relieves us from restraint, and I now dare tell you—but no—I won't—

Doctor Cant. But why, Madam? let me beseech you.

Lady Lamb. No—besides—what need you ask me—

Doctor Cant. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot, sure, think kindly of me?

H 2

Lady

Lady Lamb. Well, well; I would have you imagine so.

Doctor Cant. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice, a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady Lamb. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her. 'Tis she, I find, is your substantial happiness.

Doctor Cant. Oh, that you could but fear I thought so.

Lady Lamb. I am convinc'd of it. I can assure you, Sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Doctor Cant. Tears——then I must believe you——but indeed you wrong me. To prove my innocence, it is not an hour since I press'd Sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady Lamb. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make Sir John warmer in your interest.

Doctor Cant. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you——

Lady Lamb. Well, Sir; now I'll give you leave to guess the reason why, at our last meeting, I press'd you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Doctor Cant. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady Lamb. You cannot blame me for having oppos'd your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Doctor Cant. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady Lamb. But, now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence——

Doctor Cant. It is a vain fear.

Lady Lamb. Call it not vain: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

Doctor

Doctor Cant. Where can it find so sure a guard ? the grave austerity of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady Lamb. Well, Doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Doctor Cant. I take it all upon myself. Heaven, 'tis true, forbids certain gratifications ; but there are ways of reconciliation, and laying the fears of a too scrupulous conscience.

Lady Lamb. Every way, I perceive, you are determined to get the better of me ; but there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Doctor Cant. Nothing, nothing.

Lady Lamb. My husband, Sir John.

Doctor Cant. Alas, poor man ! I will answer for him. Between ourselves, Madam, your husband is weak ; I can lead him by the nose any where.

S C E N E V.

Lady Lambert, Doctor Cantwell, Sir John Lambert.

Sir J. Lamb. No, caittiff, I'm to be led no farther.

Doctor Cant. Ah ! woman.

Sir J. Lamb. Is this your sanctity ? this your doctrine ? these your meditations ?

Doctor Cant. Is then my brother in a conspiracy against me ?

Sir J. Lamb. Your brother ! I have been your friend, indeed, to my shame ; your dupe ; but your spell has lost its hold : no more canting ; it will not serve your turn any longer.

Lady Lamb. Now heaven be praised.

Doctor Cant. It seems you wanted an excuse to part with me.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Ungrateful wretch ! but why do I reproach you ? had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out of my fight ; leave my house : of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer, I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hands of the law, and punish you as you deserve ?

Doctor *Cant*. Well ; but first let me ask you, Sir, who is it you menace ? consider your own condition, and where you are.

Sir *J. Lamb*. What would the villain drive at ? leave me ; I forgive you : but once more I tell you, seek some other place ; out of my house. This instant be gone, and see my shameful face no more.

Doctor *Cant*. Nay, then, 'tis my duty to exert myself, and let you know that I am master here. Turn you out, Sir ; this house is mine ; and now, Sir, at your peril dare to insult me.

Sir *J. Lamb*. Oh, heavens ! 'tis true ; whither shall I fly, to hide me from the world ?

Lady *Lamb*. Whither are you going, Sir ?

Sir *J. Lamb*. I know not—but here, it seems, I am a trespasser—the master of this house has warned me hence—and, since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady *Lamb*. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, Sir, possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him, by open course of law, maintain it.

Doctor *Cant*. Here ! Seyward !

S C E N E VI.

*Sir John, Lady Lambert, Old Lady Lambert,
Maw-worm.*

Sir J. Lamb. Who is this fellow? what do you want, man?

Maw. My Lady, come up.

Old Lady Lamb. How now!

Maw. He wants to know who I be.

Old Lady Lamb. The gentleman is a friend of mine, son. I was carrying him in a coach to attend a controversy that's to be held this evening, at the Reverend Mr. Scruple's, about an affair of simony, and call'd to take up the Doctor. But what strange tales are these I hear below?

Sir J. Lamb. The Doctor is a villain, Madam; I have detected him; detected him in the horrible design of seducing my wife.

Maw. It's impossible.

Sir J. Lamb. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say it's impossible. He has been lock'd up with my wife for hours together, morning, noon, and night, and I never found her the worse for him.

Old Lady Lamb. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. Lamb. What is your Ladyship going to say now?

Old Lady Lamb. The Doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Slife, Madam!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, he swears! he swears! years in growing good, we become profligate in a moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in the house.

Maw. Nor I neither: aren't you ashamed of yourself? have you no commiseration on your soul?
——ah! poor wicked sinner! I pity you.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Sdeath!

Maw.

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform against you.

Sir J. Lamb. Why would you bring this idiot, Madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I likes to be despis'd.

S C E N E VII.

Old Lady, Young Lady, Sir John, Maw-worm, Charlotte, afterwards Seyward, Darnley, Doctor Cantwell, Servants.

Charl. Oh, dear pappa, I shall faint away; there's murder doing.

Sir J. Lamb. Who! where! what is it?

Charl. The Doctor, Sir, and Seyward were at high words just now in the garden; and, upon a sudden, there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I'm afraid poor Seyward is kill'd.

Sir J. Lamb. How?

Charl. Oh, here he comes himself; he'll tell you more.

Darn. Here, bring in this ruffian; this is villainy beyond example.

Sir J. Lamb. What means this outrage?

Lady Lamb. I tremble.

Seyw. Don't be alarm'd, Madam—there is no mischief done: what was intended, the Doctor here can best inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. Mr. Darnley, I am asham'd to see you.

Maw. So you ought; but this good man is ashamed of nothing.

Doctor Cant. Alas! my enemies prevail.

Seyw. In short, gentlemen, the affair is circumstantially this—The Doctor called me out into the pavilion in the garden; appear'd in great disorder; told me there was a sudden storm raised, which he was not sufficiently prepared to weather. He said,
his

his dependence was upon me; and, at all events, I must be ready to swear, when he called upon me, I had seen him pay Sir John several large sums of money. He talked confusedly about giving value for an estate; but I boldly refused to perjure myself; and told him, on the contrary, I was satisfied he had fleeced Sir John of several large sums, under pretence of charitable uses, which he secretly converted to his own.—This stung him—and he fastened at my throat. Then, indeed, all temper left me; and, disengaging myself from his hold, with a home-blow, struck him down. At this, grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung above the chimney; but in the instant he reached one, I seiz'd upon his wrist; and as we grappled, the pistol firing to the ceiling, alarm'd the family.

Old Lady Lamb. This is a lie, young man, I see the devil standing at your elbow.

Maw. So do I, with a great big pitchfork, pushing him on.

Doctor Cant. Well, what have you more against me?

Darn. More, Sir, I hope is needless—but, if Sir John is yet unsatisfied—

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! I have seen too much.

Doctor Cant. I demand my liberty.

Sir J. Lamb. Let him go.

S C E N E VIII.

Old Lady, Young Lady, Sir John, Maw-worm, Charlotte, Seyward, Darnley, Doctor Cantwell, Colonel Lambert, Tipstaff, and Attendants.

Col. Lamb. Hold, Sir! not so fast; you can't pass.

Doctor

Doctor Cant. Who, Sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. Lamb. Within, there!

Tipstaff. Is your name Cantwell, Sir?

Doctor Cant. What if it be, Sir?

Tipstaff. Then, Sir, I have my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you.

Doctor Cant. Against me?

Tipstaff. Yes, Sir; for a cheat, and impostor.

Old Lady Lamb. What does he say?

Sir J. Lamb. Dear son, what is this?

Col. Lamb. Only some actions of the Doctor's, Sir, which I have affidavits in my hand here to prove, from more than one creditable witness; and I think it my duty to make the publick acquainted with: if he can acquit himself of them, so; if not, he must take the consequence.

Doctor Cant. Well, but stay; let the accusations against me be what they will, by virtue of this conveyance I am still master here; and, if I am forc'd to leave the house myself, I will shut up the doors:—nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. Lamb. There! there! indeed he stings me to the heart! for that rash act, reproach and endless shame will haunt me!

Charl. No, Sir!—be comforted.—Even there, too, his wicked hopes must leave him; for know, the fatal deed, which you intended to sign, is here, even yet unseal'd and innocent!

Sir J. Lamb. What means she?

Charl. I mean, Sir, that this deed, by accident falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me; and that, in concert, we procured that other to be drawn exactly like it; which, in your impatience to execute, pass'd unsuspected for the original. Their only difference is, that wherever here you read the Doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's.

Doctor

Doctor Cant. Come, Sir; lead me where you please.

Col. Lamb. Secure your prisoner.

Old Lady Lamb. I don't know what to make of all this.

Maw. They'll all go to the devil for what they are doing.—Come away, my Lady, and let us see after the good dear Doctor. Ay, do laugh, you'll go to the devil for all that.

S C E N E *the last.*

*Lady Lambert, Sir John, Charlotte, Seyward,
Darnley, Colonel Lambert.*

Charl. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made atonement for your jealousy.

Darn. You've banish'd it for ever! this was beyond yourself surprising.

Col. Lamb. Sister—

Charl. Come, no set speeches; if I deserve your thanks, return them in friendship to your first preserver.

Col. Lamb. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Seyw. And mine, to speak my sense of obligations.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, my child! for my deliverance, I can only reward you here.—For you, my son, whose filial virtue I have injur'd, this honest deed, in every article, shall be ratified.—And, for the sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that from henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I will have an utter abhorrence for every thing that bears the appearance—

Charl. Nay, now, my dear Sir, I must take the liberty to tell you, you carry things too far, and go from one extreme to another.—What? because
a worth-

a worthless wretch has imposed upon you, under the fallacious shew of austere grimace, will you needs have it, every body is like him; confound the good with the bad, and conclude, there are no truly religious in the world?—Leave, my dear Sir, such rash consequences to fools and libertines.---Let us be careful to distinguish between virtue and the appearance of it. Guard, if possible, against doing honour to hypocrisy.---But, at the same time, let us allow there is no character in life, greater or more valuable, than that of the truly devout,---nor any thing more noble, or more beautiful, than the fervour of a sincere piety.



T H E E N D.

